THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 43. SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870. Price TWOPENCE.

Here and There.

THE funeral of the late Lord Clarendon, fixed for this day (Saturday), at Watford, will be of the most private description.

On Monday a club, situated in Regent-street, immediately opposite the Polytechnic Institution, was opened under the name of "The Corinthian." The premises are very extensive, and the coffee, reading, smoking, and other rooms, are elegantly furnished, and also admirably adapted to the purposes of the club. The billiard room is lofty and well lighted. The management of the club will be guided by laws similar to those by which the "Carlton" is regulated. The entrance fee is five guineas, election being by ballot.

A French journal, announcing the death of Mr. Evans, of the firm of Bradbury & Evans, assures us that in collaboration with Dickens he wrote "Pickwick" and "other well-known works of fiction!"

The King of Portugal has conferred the title of Viscount on Mr. Francis Cook, senior partner in the firm of Cook, Sons, & Co., of St. Paul's Churchyard. Not the first good plain Cook that has attained the dignity of the *Cordon Bleu*.

Brigham Young's wives are said to be in suppressed revolt. The most married man in the world is cloyed with the sweets of matrimony, and talks of being divorced—*en masse*.

We regret to see the name of John, otherwise "Paddy" Green, before the Bankruptcy Court. Mr. Green offers a composition of 6s. 8d. in the pound to his creditors, who are formidable neither in number, amount, nor, we trust, hostility to so popular and industrious a public servant.

Eton is the favourite in the forthcoming School Match fixed for 8th July; 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 being laid on the light blue.

About 500 turnpike-gates and bars have this week been abolished under the provisions of last year's Act, and about 300 more will be removed on the 1st of November.

The recently published "Wild Life among the Kurds," is said to be a reprint of "The Dairyman's Daughter."

Few things strike a stranger to Hyde-park more forcibly than the want of expression in the countenances which flash past him during the hours that carriages congregate in that much affected spot. They lack all mobility. There is no play of feature about them; they are fixed and set. Moore would never have compared any of them to the lake that breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun. This phenomenon, so often remarked on, is fully explained when it is remembered that a single injudicious smile might mar the labour of hours. It is lamentable to think that the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere is too often to be attributed, not to any inherent refinement or to any inherited calm grace, but rather to a horrible fear that a moment's animation might thwart the study of an entire morning.

It is stated that an early gazette of India will promulgate an official plan for the uniform spelling of proper names of places in India. A few hints on their pronunciation as well would not be amiss.

"The Bag of Bags"—the Money Bag.

A morning paper says in an obituary:—"Mr. Smith was an estimable man. He lived uprightly. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married."

How long does a widow mourn?—for a second.

The Oxford and Cambridge cricket match was inaugurated in 1836. The two rivals had before twice tried their strength, once at Oxford and once at Lord's, but the series of annual contests commenced first thirty-four years ago, and has been played almost without intermission; for thirty-five matches have been played, of which Cambridge has won seventeen and Oxford sixteen. But it is interesting to revert to the first game of 1836. The Oxford eleven of that day numbered men not unknown to fame:—

1. There was our learned Lord Justice Giffard, who, though absent for the nonce, had scored one hundred and five in one innings at Lords, *v.* M.C.C. a year before.
2. Rawlinson, Professor of History.
3. Charles Duke Yonge, author of Lives of Wellington, Liverpool, and the Bourbons.
4. Rev. James Pycroft, author of works various, and "The Cricket Field."
5. Dr. Lee, Provost of Winchester.
6. Rev. J. C. Ryle, of Helmingham, who has sown the world with the best of tracts.

On the Cambridge side were the Hon. F. Ponsonby, Charles Taylor, and Mr. Broughton—three men never surpassed in their way—the last-named having played (like no one else) cover-point for thirty-four years. "*Viret Vigetque!*" Kirwan, the fast bowler, and the rest of the King's College men could not play, and this gave the first victory to Oxford.

Lord Lytton, talking to Dr. —— about public speaking, asked him whether he felt his heart beat when he was going to speak. "Yes." "Does your voice frighten you?" "Yes." "Do all your ideas forsake you?" "Yes." "Do you wish the floor to open and swallow you?" "Yes." "Then you 'll make an orator."

People seem to be amusing themselves at Mons. The idea was conceived there a short time since of introducing into the programme of the fêtes at the kermesse a competition of old hats, and the exhibition drew forth shouts of laughter from the crowd, since it certainly was not devoid of a certain originality. The first prize was awarded to a Bolivar of 1806 with a green veil; an "Incroyable," which had been worn by a member of the Constituent Assembly in 1793, took the second; and the third was awarded to a folding hat of the time of Louis XVI.—In reference to the above, we may mention that Odry, the famous French actor, was particularly noted for the eccentric shape and wonderful variety of his hats. One evening, in a new farce, he came on with such an extraordinary head covering, that the whole house rang with laughter; and on one of his comrades asking, "Where on earth do you find such out-of-the-way articles?" he simply replied, "They are all old ones which I wore formerly in public when they were in fashion, and which I have kept by me carefully ever since."

Chicago has a new church—the first Congregational—which has just been finished at a cost of 180,000 dollars. A peculiarity of this church is that the reading desk, or pulpit, is provided with a copper speaking-trumpet, which is connected with eleven pews, where, with rubber hose and cup attached, the deaf may enjoy a sermon as well as those not so unfortunate.

So severe have been the effects of the drought in the Home and Bushey Parks, that branches of the trees are being cut down for the deer to browse upon, and brewers' grains are obtained for the cattle in default of grass. A staggerer for stags and head of oxen.

An extraordinary case of superstition has just been brought under the notice of the Wincanton magistrates. A farm labourer, named Lamb, had conceived the idea that a respectable young woman, named Mary Crees, who lived in the neighbourhood, had "overlooked him," or, in other words, that she had bewitched him. The conviction first took possession of his mind two years ago, and she had since that time afflicted him in divers ways in spite of his having tried the best approved counter-spells. Upon their repeated failure, he determined to follow the counsel of friends who had advised him to "draw Mary's blood;" and accordingly, meeting the unfortunate young woman at a club festival, he rushed upon her, seized her by the throat, and was getting out his knife to effect his purpose, when she was rescued from his clutches. When asked by the bench to explain his conduct, Lamb earnestly replied, "She overlooks I. That 's as true as this (holding up his hat) is in my hand. You mightn't think so, but I do know it. It do run in the family; her mother do do it. Them as don't think so ought to have 'em, and then they 'd know."

Mr. W. Holland has announced to his patrons that his "Second Grand Prize Baby Show, open to all England," is shortly to take place. It appears that the agreeable exhibition of last year was so far successful as to encourage the promoter of it to repeat the performance. He takes credit to himself for having discovered a mission, and "wishes it to be understood that his only desire is to cultivate in the minds of mothers that proper care of their offspring to which England owes so much of her characteristic greatness." He promises that the affair will be carried out "in the same honourable manner and with all the delicacy which an exhibition of this kind naturally demands." Delicacy is a relative term on which people's notions very often differ, but a row of nursing mothers behind a pole, being refreshed at intervals with cans of London stout, can hardly be considered a spectacle of an elegant or of a refining description; and, if we remember rightly, that was the sight offered to witnesses of the last display of competitive infants. But tastes differ.

A great sensation has been produced at Vienna by the news that Herr Strauss, the well-known Viennese orchestra director, had been brutally ill-used by some Russian officers at Warsaw. It appears that the officers in question, some of whom were of high rank, came at midnight to the restaurant in the "Swiss garden," and asked for supper. The proprietor told them it was too late, as all his servants had gone to bed; but the officers created such a disturbance that at last he went to wake the cook, and ordered him to get the supper ready. They ate and drank till one, and then asked for music. The landlord protested it would be quite impossible to get any one to play, as the musicians were scattered about in various parts of the town. Upon this one of the officers, who knew Herr Strauss personally, sent him a letter asking him to come to the restaurant immediately. The astonished musician, recognising the handwriting of the deputy-director of police, dressed himself and hurried to the spot; but, on learning from the officers that all they wanted of him was a little music, he was naturally much offended, and positively declined to play. "Here," cried one of the officers, throwing him a hundred-rouble note, "you will play for this, I know." Strauss indignantly replied in the negative, upon which the officer, enraged, struck him in the face. A scuffle ensued, in which the unfortunate musician was knocked down, trodden under foot, and so belaboured with blows, that he remained on the ground insensible. By the last accounts he was still lying at his house in a dangerous state.

Jacko, the famous parrot of the War-office in Paris, is dead. He was first brought into the office in 1830 by Marshal Soult, and remained for forty years at his post, unaffected by revolutions or party conflicts. After a time he came to be looked upon as an indispensable appanage of the War Department, and when there was a Cabinet crisis, people used to ask who was to get, not the War-office portfolio, but the War-office parrot. Though he served under eighteen different ministers, he always remained consistent to the principles which were instilled into him when he first entered office. Both under the Republic and the Second Empire he remained a staunch Royalist, and there were few members of his party who spoke their minds with so much frankness. One day his repeated cries of "Vive le Roi!" (Long live the King) so annoyed Marshal Le Roy St. Arnaud when he was War Minister, that he ordered the indiscreet bird to be turned out. Jacko had a friend, however, in the porter, who took him into his lodge and taught him to add "de St. Arnaud" to his usual cry. The bird was then put back into his room, and as the marshal was passing, screamed out, "Vive le roi de St. Arnaud!" "A la bonne heure" ("All right now") said the minister, and Jacko was at once retaken into favour. Of late years the clerks tried to teach him "Vive le Empereur!" but he never could bring out the entire sentence without tremendous efforts. He got on very well as far as "Vive l'Empe——" but at this point he seemed to choke, his feathers stood on end, and his eyes rolled with an anxious expression, as if he felt his conscience reproaching him. At last, after several minutes' intense struggling, he would jerk out the last syllable—"reur," in a hoarse, sepulchral tone.

The Grumbler.

HAVE you ever been up the river Thames—say from Teddington to Oxford? No, you havn't; well, I have. Indeed, I did so last week, rowed and towed by two athletic young friends, in their own boat, provided, also, with an old tent that had served in the Abyssinian Expedition, in which we bivouaced at night, choosing always the prettiest and most secluded islands to encamp in. How did I enjoy myself? Why, wonderfully. One of Cambridge's wittiest of M.A.'s was of our party, and enlivened our excursion, which, for pleasure, had but one drawback. What was that? Why, the locks, which are as "thick as leaves in Vallambrossa." But there must be locks if the river is to be made navigable above Richmond. Must there? Well, I did not say there must not. But I do say, they ought to be decent, well maintained, and, at all events, secure. And so they are generally supposed to be. Are they? Well, they may be generally supposed to be everything—particularly expensive enough to pass through—but they certainly have neither the appearance of order or security; nay, in many instances are actually in a state of decay. Now, the Thames is—at least I have always been led to believe so—one of the finest and most beautiful rivers in the world. Its banks, after leaving Twickenham and Teddington, are studded with picturesque properties, rustic villas, or palladial mansions at every bend of it, and it would be impossible to imagine anything more charming than the whole length of its course, from Richmond, Teddington, or Twickenham aforesaid, to Oxford. Then what do I grumble at? Why, as I said before, the locks, which are as numerous as they are expensive, for a bad thing is ever a dear thing; and they are simply ruinous, dangerous, and disgraceful. Whose fault is it that they are so? Ah! that is just the question! The fact is, the care of them, as is that of nearly the whole of the river, is left to some quiet, snug, civic jobment, called the Thames Conservancy; and I have no doubt that, to belong to the Thames Conservancy, is to belong to one of the most pleasant, agreeable, sociable, and as-unconnected-with-trouble a society as need be. They have one or two charming little steam yachts, most comfortably arranged, and admirably fitted up for excursions, during fine weather, up and down the river. Dinners, of course, are improvised at the various snug hotels to be met with on the banks above, or just below every principal town; and charming little *déjeûners* can, no doubt, be arranged on board, when the scenery grows uninteresting, or the excursion becomes flat. Locks are passed with every care and attention possible, for the locksmen are, of course, on the look-out for the river potentates. Notes are made of the traffic that passes—hints are given that such and such repairs are needed—promises that the subject will have consideration at an early Board meeting, and off goes the steamer at a twelve-knot speed, to reach the hostel of the "Jolly Trout" or "Lively Anglers," in time for lunch; and so on, season after season, while the piles and gates of Boulter's Lock in particular, and others too numerous to particularise, are rotting and decaying to that extent that it is simply a marvel they hold on as they do, and that the whole lot of them have not been washed clean away years ago. The whole thing is a mistake, just like turnpike-roads, gates, and bye-lanes, under parochial authority. Rivers, locks, and bridges, roads, lanes, all public thoroughfares, and turnpikes, should be under a proper governmental management and direction, and the head of the department necessarily with a seat in the House, where he could be asked awkward questions, and obliged to answer them, and where, whatever the dilatoriness of circumlocution and red tape, the public, at all events, could give vent to their feelings, and, through a representative, charge at once the very head and front of the offenders.

What do I think of the cry got up about pigeon-shooting? Why, that it is just worthy the attention of a Praise-God Bare-Bones, or some other such snivelling, canting member of Old Noll's hypocritical Government. Talk of the cruelty of shooting pigeons—giving the birds no chance—horror of its agonies in death, &c., &c. No, really, when one comes to think of it, it requires the patience of—well, that darling old Alderman who said he "*would* put down suicide, and was determined he'd have no more of it." The fact is, whenever there is anything in the shape of amusement got up, there are always Stomach Aches to find fault. Did you never hear of the shocking case of the poor boy at Exeter Hall, who holloa'd his lungs out singing at an Oratario in aid of the Bishop of Borirloboo Fund? The poor fellow got a shilling for the performance—I mean the Oratorio, not the lung business; and his mother, who got up fine things, had an overflow of business ('twas the height of the season); couldn't get 'em done before Saturday—the Oratorio was on Friday; and the boy had nothing to eat, nor would have, till he got his shilling next morning from the Hall. Remember, I don't believe in the story; but, true or not, it don't much signify—the boy need not have sung nor tried for the shilling; and then he would have sank from inanition—verdict, of course, "It couldn't be helped." But he did sing, and sung away his lungs—that could be helped. Had there been a "Crowner's 'quest," verdict should have been, "Too much sanctity!" What has all this to do with pigeons and pigeon-shooting? Exactly,—what has it? Why, pigeons are reared as much as oxen are for the table; and if they are not killed by the gun, they are killed by the poulterer. But he don't cause a lingering death! What do you know about that? It's all rubbish. Half the birds that *are* shot, are killed instantaneously; one fourth die directly out of hand, and another fourth get away free, for the poulterers to wring their necks; so much for sympathy and cruelty to animals. Besides, to hit a pigeon is about—well never mind what odds—harder than to hit a partridge, and I know that the Rev. Ebenezer Goodall don't object to partridge shooting, nay, nor pheasant, nay, nor grouse shooting; for I sent him a basket—no, to be truthful 'twas to Mrs. Ebenezer—I sent a hamper last season. They—I mean she—had been very kind to my youngest girl Sophinisba, when she had the measles. So come, no nonsense, the truth is, the whole row is levied at Hurlingham. Why? Simply because it happens to be one of the great successes of the hour. When society meets on a velvet lawn—when the Prince, who has always done, and does everything he can to please the public and make himself popular, mingles with the lords and nobility of the land—where the gentlemen can take their wives and daughters, to mingle with everything that is correct and proper—and where, as in the old days of Chiswick, nothing is to be found fault with, but the exclusiveness from snobbism—and now, forsooth, a hue and cry must be got up against pigeon shooting. Yes; and take your oath by some one who has been black-balled at Hurlingham. Pigeon shooting at Shepherd's Bush or Hurlingham, is the amusement of gentlemen who go there to practice for the moors or stubble; if for cup or guineas, so much the better for the one who wins them. But as to condemning, or finding fault, or picking holes in the coats or skirts of those who attend Hurlingham, depend upon it they are persons who can't very properly get tickets for their wives, or are in somewhat a similar position to the fellow who was found drunk after 2 A.M. in a house in the Haymarket, and which he said he had gone there to indict. Enough of such canting: latterly there has been too great a tendency to run down every kind of manly English sport, and every patron of it; and though I own I do growl now and then, if they only go on as they do, you will never hear ME say otherwise than—hurrah, for Hurlingham!

Sir Thomas Gabriel, the presiding magistrate at Guildhall, was asked, on Tuesday, to approve of the sureties for the appearance of John Safford Fiske at the forthcoming sessions of the Central Criminal Court. Fiske, who is the American Consul at Leith, is one of the defendants in the Park and Boulton case. One of the proposed bail admitted that he did not know Fiske, and under such circumstances Sir Thomas Gabriel declined to accept the surety; on Thursday the defendant's solicitor handed in a correspondence he had had with the Treasury, which expressed their satisfaction as to the sufficiency of the proposed bail, which was then accepted, and Mr. Fiske was sent for from Newgate and liberated.

THE HAPPY GIRL, 1870.

(SOME TIME) AFTER POPE.

HAPPY the girl whose face and hair
No paint ere touch'd, or chignon bound,
Content with Nature's gifts so fair
To stand her ground.

Whose heart with love, whose head with brains,
Whose ma supplies her with attire,
Whose natural form attention gains,
And all admire.

Blest, who, quite unconcern'd, about
Can walk erect, and yet may lend
A grace to all she leaves, without
The Grecian bend.

Can show a waist that tight-laced stays
Have never press'd, leaving her action
Quite free; can drive, with winning ways,
Men to distraction.

Thus let me live—myself—my own,
All unadorned. May no pearl lie
Upon my neck—no precious *stone*
Until I die.

DRAMAS FOR THE DRAWING ROOM.

CAUGHT IN A MESH.

PETITE COMEDY—IN ONE ACT.

(*Continued from page* 203).

Sir Harry. Wives never clearly realise their position. Everything is relative in this world. Husband and wife, in spite of all that is howled to the contrary, can never be on an equal footing. Lives, tastes, habits, all are different. A thousand things to which one side of the house attaches importance are insignificant to the other.

Mrs. Vernon. Intimacies with friends of the opposite sex, for example.

Sir Harry. Why not? Of course such intimacies assume a very different complexion when it is the husband who has cause of complaint—

Mrs. Vernon. Cela va sans dire. Isn't that a step in the corridor? Mabel returned, perhaps.

Sir Harry. Impossible. It is not twelve. (*Enter* JOHN THOMAS, *who gives a packet to* SIR HARRY.) What is this? Where does this come from?

John Thomas. It has just been left for you, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. What the——, where the——, stop. Who brought this?

John Thomas. A servant, sir. But he left no name.

Sir Harry. Has he gone?

John Thomas. Yes, Sir. [*Exit* JOHN THOMAS. (SIR HARRY *opens the packet and displays the purse.*)

Mrs. Vernon. Pretty well for one day, Sir Harry. If you drop your money it will not be the ladies' fault.

Sir Harry. Well, I wish I may be stabbed with a knitting-needle if I understand this.

Mrs. Vernon. Don't be childish. We are quite alone.

Sir Harry. I give you my word of honour I haven't the faintest idea.

Mrs. Vernon. Is there no address?

Sir Harry. Ah! To be sure. (*Looking at the address attentively.*) I know the hand.

Mrs. Vernon. Would it be indiscreet to ask to look at it?

Sir Harry. Well, perhaps it would. But look, if you like. I'm sure I've seen those R's before.

Mrs. Vernon. I fancy I have too. A lady evidently; and one who writes an uncommonly good hand. Look at that H.

Sir Harry. You seem to know it.

Mrs. Vernon (pretending to look confused). I? no not at all. (SIR HARRY *watches her closely.*) What were we talking about?

Sir Harry. You're in the secret!

Mrs. Vernon. Some people never will see. If I had been you, I should have divined the sender long ago.

Sir Harry. Come, be frank. Tell me who it was.

Mrs. Vernon. Mrs. Mountcharles.

Sir Harry. For Heaven's sake, don't *you* begin about that woman. We have quarrelled, as you know very well.

Mrs. Vernon. I know nothing about it.

Sir Harry. The more I think, the more perplexed I grow. Who can it be?

Mrs. Vernon. Mrs. M—. She has come to see blue in a proper light, and sends you a red article by

way of compensation for the other enormity. Or perhaps she wishes to try your constancy and see which you will wear.

Sir Harry. I shall certainly wear *this*.

Mrs. Vernon. Well, I give up the subject; it is too complicated for me. Why do you look at me in that tone of voice? Do you take me for an anonymous letter?

Sir Harry. I am persuaded you have something to do with this anonymous purse. You are in the plot,—confess it.

Mrs. Vernon. Not I.

Sir Harry. I entreat you!

Mrs. Vernon. Entreaties should be made on the knees.

Sir Harry. Anything you like.

Mrs. Vernon. Let us see.

Sir Harry. Are you serious? (*Throws himself on his knees, laughing.*)

Mrs. Vernon. I like the position, it becomes you amazingly. But I should advise you to rise; you might make too great an impression.

Sir Harry (*rises*). You will tell me nothing, then?

Mrs. Vernon. Have you your blue purse there?

Sir Harry. I believe so.

Mrs. Vernon. Give it to me, and I will tell you who made the other.

Sir Harry. You know, then?

Mrs. Vernon. Yes, I know.

Sir Harry. Is it a woman?

Mrs. Vernon. Well, if it were a man, I should imagine—

Sir Harry. I mean is it a pretty woman?

Mrs. Vernon. According to your idea, one of the prettiest women in London.

Sir Harry. Fair or dark?

Mrs. Vernon. Blue.

Sir Harry. What is the first letter of her name?

Mrs. Vernon. You decline my bargain? Give me the purse.

Sir Harry. Is she tall or short?

Mrs. Vernon. The purse!

Sir Harry. Only tell whether she has a good foot.

Mrs. Vernon. Your purse or your life!

Sir Harry. Will you tell me her name if I give you the purse?

Mrs. Vernon. Yes.

Sir Harry. On your word of honour?

Mrs. Vernon. On my word of honour.

Sir Harry (*appears to hesitate.* MRS. VERNON *holds out her hand, he looks at it attentively, then gaily*). We were talking of caprices. You admit that a woman can be influenced by them?

Mrs. Vernon. Can you ask me?

Sir Harry. Well, perhaps not. But it may happen that a husband has two ways of speaking, and, up to a certain point, of acting also.

Mrs. Vernon. And our bargain? Have you cried off?

Sir Harry. A married man is "a *man* for a' that." The benediction does not alter his character: it only forces him now and then to adopt a new one, to learn a part or two, to give and take the cue readily, to deliver a set speech when necessary, and master the art of bye-play, asides, and pantomime.

Mrs. Vernon. I understand. But what becomes of the audience of your little drama?

Sir Harry. A reasonably intelligent audience would not fail to appreciate the entertainment: nor—

Mrs. Vernon. You don't care to hear the name?

Sir Harry. A woman of *esprit*, for example, would she not see at a glance the real state of affairs?

Mrs. Vernon. You mean to keep the purse?

Sir Harry. Never mind it just now. A woman of *esprit* as I was saying— (*suddenly*) How have you arranged your hair to-night? This morning you were all flowers.

Mrs. Vernon. I had all Covent Garden on my head, and it refused to support the burthen beyond desert. Heavens! it is all coming down. (*Rises and arranges her hair before the glass.*)

Sir Harry. You've the prettiest figure in the world. A woman like you——

Mrs. Vernon. Is dangerously situated when she has to do with a man like you.

Sir Harry. The risk is common to both,—and the happiness too.

Mrs. Vernon. I waive my claim.

Sir Harry. I displease you? There is some one else then?

Mrs. Vernon. Modest and well bred, but not correct. No one pleases me, and I wish to please no one.

Sir Harry. At your age, and with those eyes, that must be a—taradiddle.

Mrs. Vernon. The simple truth.

Sir Harry. If I believed you I should have a very indifferent opinion of the judgment of Paris—and London.

Mrs. Vernon. You may believe me or not, as you please, but I have no wish to possess a master.

Sir Harry. Could you not accept a slave?

Mrs. Vernon. Masters or slaves, you manage to be tyrants.

Sir Harry (*rising*). It is too true. No one can detest the conduct of men in that respect more than I do. It is inexplicable how they can be so blind to their own interests, and pursue a line of conduct which can end only in making them hated.

Mrs. Vernon. Is that your candid opinion?

Sir Harry. Of course it is. I have no patience with the man who supposes that, because he has the happiness to please to-night, he is at liberty to take advantage of his good fortune to-morrow.

Mrs. Vernon. That is nevertheless Chapter I. of the Universal History of Man.

Sir Harry. Yes. If men had more sense, women would have less prudence.

Mrs. Vernon. Very likely. A *liaison*, now-a-days means marriage. A question of honeymoon is worth some consideration.

Sir Harry. And why is it so? Why have we so much comedy and so little real life? Are there no sensible men, no *spirituelle* women, who can understand that an alliance to be fortunate need not necessarily be eternal: that a contract may be a happy one without imposing disagreeable conditions on either side? Is there no man who could, on occasion, behave to a woman who honours him with her confidence with reasonable intelligence? Who could sacrifice some of the inherent selfishness of his nature for the sake of the woman he affects to love? Who could say on an occasion (and there are some) when one can be frank without danger, without indiscretion, without reserve (*takes her hand*), "We are alone; you are young and handsome: I appreciate your heart and your intellect as they deserve. We are separated by a thousand obstacles: a thousand dangers attend our meeting to-morrow. Your pride revolts from a yoke; your prudence declines a tie;—you have nothing to fear from either one or the other. You are asked for neither protestation, nor sacrifice, nor engagement: for nothing but a smile from those rosy lips, and a glance now and then from those bright eyes. *I* may bear my slavery with me: but you will find *your* liberty on the threshold of this room. What is offered is not pleasure without love, it is love without annoyance or bitterness: it is the caprice of which we were talking; not the blind, insensate caprice of passion, but the caprice of the heart, born, perhaps, in a moment, but whose memory will live for ever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXVI.—JASPER.

First—

While in the hunting-field with Uncle Jasper
(A famous hand, although he *is* a grasper),
We came across a post and rails—"a rasper,"
To use the Saxon of my Uncle Jasper."

H. H.

Second—

I read the direction.—"WITH CARE. BRITTLE. GLASS. *Per* G. E. R. Care of the Reverend — Jasper."
"By Jove," I said, "Fizz from that excellent Clasper."

ROEDERER.

Third—

(1)

I saw a glist'ning asp, per
Chance, last night,
With skin like jasper,
Shining bright.
How like unto a faithless woman,
Beast, thou art, thought I:
We, at a distance, may admire,
But if we touch thee, die.

(2)

A lady brought to me, the other day,
A little puppy, full of fun and play,
Requesting that I'd give her pet a name.
I gladly did, and found that at the same
Time, quite by chance, I'd found a rhyme to jasper:
I patted the wee thing, and named it "Caspar."

(3)

A HINT TO ANGLERS.

Upon the bank Sir Jasper sate,
The gnats did him exasperate.
"Smoke, smoke, sir," cried a jovial friend:
He did—his woes were at an end.

TRIPLE HARP.

I am very fond of precious stones,
My fancy being for the jasper;
At Hunt and Roskell's I saw one so beautiful!
For breath I was a perfect gasper.

HASP.

Upon my word, this is a rasper!
It would infallibly exasper-
ate Job to find a rhyme to jasper.

OSPHAL.

As the other day I rode at a gate,
Oh, such a rasper!
I lost my brooch and bracelet,
Made of jasper,
Given me by my dear mate—
By Harry Clasper.

DIANA.

There was a youth named Casper,
And a maid called Evelin fair;
He wore a ring of jasper,
But she wore golden hair.

A beaming look young Casper gave
Unto his bonny bride;
He then his jasper ring took off,
And laid it by her side.

"Now keep this jasper safe, my dear,
To battle I must go,
And who but the Almighty knows
If I return or no."

His bride then took the jasper ring,
And he came back no more,
So now the word of Casper
Was true as e'er before.

HAPPY THOUGHT.

From Newark, only t' other day,
I sent my mare, alas, per
The luggage train, and it broke down,
And with it also Jasper.

As neat a bit of horse's flesh,
As bright and pretty as spur
Or bridle either ever touched,
And firm where'er you grasp her.

CASPAR.

I have a horse,
On field or course
He 'll over gates, or rasper
Fences, or ditch—
No matter which—
'Tis all the same to Jasper.

STEEPLECHASER.

I sat with Eva on the silent pier,
And fondly to my bosom I did clasp her;
Then, whispering softly in her willing ear,
I murmured, "Dearest, wilt thou wed thy Casper?"
"Yes, darling," she replied, in accents clear,
While I drew off a ring of gold and jasper,
I slipt it on to her engagement finger—
'Tis oft so very dangerous to linger.

GRIMCARIO.

By the waist he clasp her,
And took a kiss from she;
She hit him such a rasper
As brought him on bended knee.
So with his arms he laps her,
And hugs her very close:
"I'll give you beads of jasper,
Only don't be so morose."

IN SPES.

My loved one I decked with a fair jewelled chain,
Then—as to my bosom I *clasp her*—
I swear that her charms no fresh lustre can gain
From the necklet of gold and of jasper.
But the answer she gave her fond, love-stricken youth,
To my feelings proved rather a *rasper*:
"I don't like your present," said she, "for in truth
"I 'd rather have diamonds than jasper."

"You'd rather have diamonds," I, open-mouthed, cried
(Amazement had made me a *gasper*);
"Do you know that the jewels you'd have me provide
Cost three times as much, ma'am, as jasper?"
She roguishly smiled, as with anger I strove,
And answered, "I'm not such a *grasper!*
"I was jesting, dear friend! give me still but your love,
"And I want neither diamonds nor jasper!"

VITRUVIUS.

PRIZE WORD—No. XXXVII.—CROTCHET.

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T.* Office not later than Thursday noon.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph; which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize, to prove his title thereto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BREEZIE LANGTON.—Probably in consequence of a partial hemiplegia of the left side of the automatic nerve (Saturnalis); or of a secondary metempsychosis of the laryngeal thermæ. The *Lancet* may give you fuller particulars.

DICK DOWLAS.—Consult some respectable solicitor. There *must* be one or two left, though you appear to doubt the fact.

BELL.—We fear there is more of the Dragon than the Bell about you.

J. P.—(Alum-Bay) Shah-Aalum.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Dinorah. Half-past Eight.

DRURY LANE.—Dinorah. Half-past Eight.

ADELPHI.—Put Yourself in His Place—The Robust Invalid. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Breaking the Spell—Chilperic—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly—Undine. Seven.

STRAND.—A Fish out of Water—The School for Coquettes—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—Operetta—Bachelor of Arts—Spitalfields Weaver—Linda of Chamouni. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'.—Dearest Mamma—At Eight: M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Paul Pry—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.

HOLBORN.—Spitalfields Weaver—Othello—Perfection. Half-past Seven.

VAUDEVILLE.—Cupboard Love—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870.

THE death of Lord CLARENDON deprives the Ministry of one of its ablest members; and, what is of more importance, orphans the country of a statesman of rare and peculiar powers. None, indeed, of the adherents of either Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. GLADSTONE can pretend to rival the reputation—as eminent in foreign courts as in our own—of the late Foreign Secretary. With him nearly the last of a great school of diplomatists expires. No one living can pretend to an equal knowledge of the politics of Europe, or in those delicate and subtle arts, acquired as much in the *boudoir* as the *bureau*, by which the wires of diplomacy are pulled. Lord CLARENDON was, like Lord PALMERSTON and Lord GRANVILLE, a man of the world, and knew men as well as courts. To his personal influence, as much as to his diplomatic abilities, he owed many of his political successes; and his amiable, unaffected manner, his tact, the charm of his conversation and the brightness of his wit, effected perhaps more than the statesmanship they set off and adorned. Though not crowned with unvarying success, the services of Lord CLARENDON in Spain, in Ireland, and during the Crimean war, will not be readily forgotten by his party; while the memory of his recent zealous and sympathetic action in the Greek tragedy will always be gratefully remembered by his countrymen.

Dr. NEWTON, the impious charlatan who professed to heal the sick on a good deal wider scale than our SAVIOUR, has cropped up again at Dr. BURNS' Chapel in New Church-street, Paddington. This time he has narrowed his pretensions somewhat; and ascribes the healing powers he professed to draw from GOD and the Holy Angels to—Magnetism. This rapid change of front did not, wonderful to say, destroy the faith of the poor creatures who came to be healed—whose credulity would be ludicrous if it were not pathetic. As is generally the case with advice-gratis practitioners, Dr. NEWTON has announced that he "expects a fee" from all who are able to pay it. He should have one, if it depended on us, that he should not readily forget. It seems doubtful, indeed, whether the doctor's practice, now that it has descended to the receipt of lucre, may not be held to bring him within the meaning of a certain Act. If he had adhered to his original programme, and had taken money for the alleged purpose of healing disease by reference to GOD and His Holy Angels, the words "obtaining money under false pretences" would certainly seem to have applied to his case with some directness. We should like to take counsels' opinion on the matter.

At the present season, when the Row is at its height, and carriages form three-deep in Regent-street, there are out-door opportunities of studying Art unmatched in Burlington House. Out of every half dozen carriages, which flash by in all the glory of bright varnish, armorial bearings, hammer-cloths, and silver-plated harness, three on an average furnish an example of the Lely (and Rose) School of a striking kind. At least one Portrait of a Lady will be found to occupy the back seat of each barouche or brougham. The colour will be found rich—the handling very careful—the effects of light and shade deeply studied. But there is always one radical defect—the likeness, as GOD made it, is not to be recognised. Seriously, the art of painting, as practised by our fair R.A.'s—Reckless Adorners—on themselves is getting fatally popular. The proportion of ladies who paint their face and tire their head, to those who trust for effect simply to the rustling of their dress and the creaking of their shoes, is out of all conscience. The leaden, or, to speak by the card, bismuthic monotony of countenance presented by our beauties, the curiously-pencilled eyebrows, so much more artistic than those designed by nature, the strawberry lips, the Kohl-heightened eyes, are things as common, and about as pleasant to look upon, as Aldgate Pump. The stony tranquillity preserved by these images, which would crack if they smiled, and leave some of their lip if they kissed, is terrible to see. Would the lovely artists but take to heart two incontrovertible facts, they would put up their brushes (of camels' hair) for ever. Whether the practice be injurious or not, I am not chemist enough to decide. But that consideration would not, of course, have the slightest weight. But it is apparent: and it is unbecoming.

London Lyrics.

No. 31.

AH! veil thine eyes. I would not see thy tears
Lest they should wake an agony in me
That slumbers yet. Peace—patience—let me be
Calm as before, and wait the coming years.

Thou, too, canst wait. Thy love is not untried;
Thy noble heart has known a deeper woe—
A friend transformed into a bitter foe—
Have patience still, whatever else betide.

Lo! through the twilight of the chilly dawn
Streams golden light upon the eastern hills,
And, flashing far, the sun with radiance fills
The happy earth, and brings the welcome morn:

And we, too, rise, as Hope unconquered springs
Across the darker shadows of the past;
Strong in the faith all will be well at last,
We catch the gladness from her sheeny wings.

Then part we thus—thy faithful lips to mine,
My words of comfort graven in thy heart—
Sweetest; we yet shall meet no more to part,
Thou, mine for ever—I, for ever thine!

The most interesting collection of pictures that Messrs. Christie and Manson, King-street, St. James's-square, have had to dispose of for some time past, will be that of the late Charles Dickens, which will be dispersed on Saturday, July 9th. Many have more than ordinary interest, as they are paintings illustrative of Dickens's works, undertaken by well-known artists at the especial request of the great novelist himself. Among these are "Dolly Varden," and "Kate Nickleby," by W. P. Frith, R.A.; "Pickwick and Mrs. Bardell," by C. Leslie, R.A.; "Mrs. F.'s Aunt," by W. Gale; "Little Nell's Home," and "Little Nell's Grave," by G. Cattermole; "Little Nell and her Grandfather," and "Barnaby Rudge and his Mother," by F. W. Topham; "Dotheboys Hall," by T. Webster, R.A. Besides these, there is the Portrait of Charles Dickens, painted in 1839, by D. Maclise, R.A.; Portrait of Charles Dickens, in *Used Up*, by A. L. Egg, R.A.; and many other works of very great interest.

AN INDIAN GRIEVANCE.

A VERY few words are necessary to bring the imperfect narrative we have endeavoured to construct out of the too abundant material afforded by An Indian Grievance, to an end. In our last article we passed in review some of the chief points in the reply of Lord Halifax to the memorials addressed to him by the Nawab. Before briefly recapitulating the heads of the whole case, we will complete our inquiry into the validity of the arguments of the British Government, against the wrongs of which it was formally accused in those suggestive documents. The first of the points left untouched was the question of the Nizamut Deposit Fund, with the history of which our readers are familiar. As to this fund, Lord Halifax makes the following important admission: "Its accumulations, representing as they do the unappropriated portions from year to year of the sixteen lacs stipend, unquestionably belong to the Nawab Nazim and his family, and can properly be expended only for his benefit."

It is to be regretted that an admission so candid and unequivocal should subsequently be qualified in such a manner as to render it wholly inoperative. After conceding the fact that the money belongs to the Nawab, Lord Halifax adds that his highness has "no right to dispose or to superintend the disposal of these balances." The fund, therefore, created by arbitrary deductions from his income, though technically and nominally his own property, is practically at the disposal of the British Government. It is much as if the balance at your banker's, as to the proprietorship of which there was NO question, was only payable to your landlord's draft.

The administration of the fund, *i.e.*, the right to appoint the officers entrusted with the disposition of the accumulations, is the next matter referred to in the despatch of the Secretary of State for India. To this question, for many obvious reasons, the Nawab attached considerable importance. It permitted him to gratify his dependants by the bestowal of small offices, and to air a certain kind of harmless authority; for the exercise of which but small opportunity exists in the life of those shorn black lambs—the Princes of India.

Apart from this consideration, common courtesy—we might say, common civility—entitled the Nawab, one would suppose, to have his opinion sought in matters relating to the affairs of his family. Mohammedans are especially tenacious of interference in matters connected with the ceremonial of their religion; and as certain of the allowances included in the fund were set apart for religious ceremonies enjoined by his faith, it will easily be understood how repugnant it must have been for the Nawab to have the administration of such duties entrusted to any one of another religion. Yet the Government, arrogating to itself the power of appointment of the functionaries to whom it was to be left to administer a fund, of which they admitted the Nawab to be the proprietor, not only refused to allow the Nawab to appoint his own officers, but actually nominated a *Hindoo* to exercise functions for which he was, in Mohammedan eyes, specially unfitted. The unworthy slight conveyed by this appointment was intensified by the fact that this officer had been previously dismissed by the Nawab, and that his connection with the affairs of his highness was known to be the reverse of agreeable to that prince. Nevertheless, the obnoxious selection was made; furnishing one more illustration of the way in which the official assurance that the "Dignity and honour of the illustrious house which you now represent, will ever be an object of care and solicitude to this Government," was kept.

The last paragraph of his lordship's letter refers to the transactions of Mr. Torrens; to the nefarious character of which we have before alluded at length. "The statement of these circumstances," writes Lord Halifax, "has not satisfied me that his highness had not good ground of complaint against the agent, by whose proceedings so large a sum was placed in jeopardy and ultimately lost. Had those circumstances been more early known to our Government, they would have called for a strict and searching inquiry; but the decease of Mr. Torrens, the agent in question, having precluded such an inquiry at the time, I

am reluctantly driven to the conclusion that no benefit will arise from re-opening the consideration of that subject."

If the faculty of surprise had not long since been exhausted in the reader, it is possible that he would open his eyes at this remarkable opinion. A wrong of enormous extent is committed against the Nawab by a public servant. The gravity of the charge, and the truth of the evidence by which it is supported, is virtually admitted by the Government of which he was a servant. The loss to the Nawab's exchequer, by fraud and mismanagement, of a vast sum, for which the employers of Mr. Torrens were morally responsible, is not disputed: yet those employers have the courage to assert that "no benefit will arise from re-opening the consideration of the subject." Volumes could not say more.

Such, then, are the grievances of which the Nawab Nazim of Bengal complains: such is the reply to it which the British Government has seen fit to make.

We may briefly recapitulate the points which may be held to be established by the review of both we have endeavoured to take.

1. The Nawabs of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa are a Royal House, with hereditary rights of succession, which rights have been repeatedly recognised by the Government of Great Britain and its representatives.

2. The dominion of Great Britain in Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, is held, not by right of conquest, but by virtue of treaties entered into with the Nawabs, which treaties, whilst ceding certain administrative rights to the English power, secured certain other rights to the native dynasty. These treaties underwent certain modifications, until in 1770 a contract, which was to be, by the blessing of God, binding for ever, fixed the civil list of the Nawab and his successors, as a first charge on the revenues of the provinces, at nearly 32 lacs of rupees, or in round numbers £318,000 per annum.

3. By the arbitrary act of the East India Company, this stipend was reduced during the minority of the very Nawab, with whom the treaty of 1770 was concluded, to 16 lacs of rupees, or £160,000; at which nominal figure the stipend of the Nawab has ever since remained.

4. The revenues of the Nawab have been tampered with in the most shameless manner, greatly to his impoverishment. Besides the reduction of the civil list from £318,000 to £160,000 per annum, which reduction, as we have seen, was effected in a most arbitrary and treacherous manner; by the appropriation of large sums bequeathed to him, and of which he was the rightful inheritor; by the appointment of officers to the management of his private estate; by the creation, amalgamation, and abolition of various funds created for special purposes; and the imposition of the charges, to meet which these funds were established, upon the private purse of the Nawab; and, finally, by the confusion and falsification of the accounts of the Nizamut, in the case of Mr. Torrens, by which the exchequer of the Nawab was robbed in very large amounts, the revenue of the Nawab, ostensibly fixed at £160,000, reduced from £318,000, has been so reduced that it now actually produces little more than half that sum.

5. Corresponding with these financial depredations and injuries there have been various more or less subtle and determined attempts to lower the rank, status, and dignity of the Nawab Nazim and his family, by which his hereditary claim to royal honours would be impaired, and social prestige would be totally sacrificed.

6. These offences against justice and equity, committed in violation of treaty compacts solemnly entered into and established with every form of official ratification, have been perpetrated without provocation, and in the face of an unbroken series of illustrious and devoted services rendered by the Nawabs in succession, in a spirit of unswerving loyalty and good faith to the British Crown and Government.

If it be asked what are the particular requirements which the Nawab is now urging upon her Majesty's Administration, it is replied, his highness seeks—

1. A formal, binding, lasting acknowledgment of his hereditary rights and dignities.

2. An authoritative and supreme admission of his treaty rights and privileges.

3. A guarantee against future attacks, by the officers and agents of the Imperial Government in India, upon the conditions which protect his social prestige and princely rank.

4. The recognition of his entire right to the management of his own affairs without any interference. And

5. An equitable and reasonable appraisement and adjustment of his financial claims.

It will hardly be deemed, even by any one, except Lord Halifax, that the consideration they have received is "out of all proportion to the magnitude of the interests involved." The questions in dispute are not merely those of the curtailment of the revenues or of the state of a native prince. Such matters as the appointment or dismissal of a Nawab's Dewannee, or the peculations of a governor-general's agent, may be considered by official indifference of a "frivolous character." But the binding character of British treaties, and the engagements of British honour, are accustomed to be looked upon as matters of some importance, and can hardly fail to be so considered by the British nation. That the Nawab's confidence in its justice will not be found misplaced we believe; but the interval of official indifference and obstruction which has already intervened, and will possibly intervene, before the satisfaction of his claims, is enough to make the heart of even a patient oriental sick. We conclude by expressing a sincere, though not too sanguine hope, that it may not be tried too far for its own strength, or our honour.

The Man in the Stalls.

I was the solilary occupant of a row of stalls at the Adelphi on Friday. I was thus quite undisturbed in my contemplation of the performances. To judge by the miserable attendance, I should say that the public have pronounced an unfavourable verdict on the two pieces selected by Mr. Reade for his brief management; and I fear that I must ratify the adverse sentence. *Put Yourself in His Place* reads well in the *Cornhill*. If it were the worst of Charles Reade's novels, it would still be better than the best of many other writers. But it does not make a satisfactory play; too much of the original work is necessarily excised, and the imagination of the reader of the novel, which conjures up vivid characters from powerful descriptions, is altogether deprived of its wonted exercise when, as a spectator, he beholds living men—inferior actors—attempt to pourtray the idealities he had nurtured. The only character in the drama that is not only not disappointing, but absolutely satisfactory, is that of the vigorous blacksmith, H. Neville. It is an unaffected delineation. We become interested for the ardent youth early in the play, and applaud, as vehemently as the hot weather will permit, the masterly manner in which he overthrows the blackguard Unionists, who pursue him to his private forge in the old church. There is a stern reality in that fight against heavy odds, which quite removes it from the category of the grotesque combats of eight which formed *pièces de resistance* at the Surrey, in the days of Hicks and T. P. Cooke. We hold our breaths while the fight continues, and are immensely relieved when the climax is reached. But it occurs too early in the play, and weakens the interest in the *dénouement*. Miss Young is a gain to the theatre. There is nothing stagey about her, and she is positively pretty.

I am puzzled to determine whether the English stage has profited by the version of the *Malade Imaginaire* which Mr. Reade has put before the public. I am quite sure that Molière has not been exalted by the process. Vining is a good enough robust actor—in fact, he has increased so much in bulk of late years that characters must soon be created for him, and all must be of the same "robust" type. I could place him in Shakespeare. He would be a noble Owen Glendower, a formidable Caliban, a good Jack Cade; but he is quite out of his element in the delicate personages of Molière's comedies. He gives us a rough outline of M. Argan, and leaves all the nicer details unfinished. That is far from being enough for critical tastes. But, Lord! who could expect actors to take pains before such a pitiful array of empty benches as now distinguishes the Adelphi? Abstractedly, a manager is justified in refusing free admissions to persons who do not make some adequate return for the accommodation. No one has a right to say to a lessee, "Give me so many shillings to enable me to see your pieces," uuless he has a *quid* to offer for the accommodating *quo*. But, as a matter of policy and expediency, the issue of orders is to be commended. Every person who sees a good performance becomes at once an advertiser of its merits. He piques the curiosity of his friends who are probably able to pay—they go; swell the applauding numbers; and in a short time the fame of the new piece spreads among the people in town, and then becomes an object of interest in the country. Then the manager may profitably suspend his free admissions and count his gains. I have never known this plan fail. The opposite system, however justifiable, is sure to be disastrous. Who, in society, do you ever hear allude to the Adelphi, excepting in connection with Ben Webster and Mrs. Mellon, Byron and Miss Furtado? Mr. Reade must, I suspect, already have discovered his mistake. While he is without pecuniary returns his actors are without the cheers and plaudits which gladden their hearts and stimulate their efforts. There is something ghastly in the dull clappings which announce the satisfaction of some two or three dozen spectators with the mimic operations of the brawny young cutler. Again, thin audiences are pecuniarily injurious in another way than that which is immediately obvious. The plays they witness will not be accepted in the provinces. Every piece, to be successful there, must go down with a London reputation, and how is that to be acquired? The most favourable notices of the London press are insufficient to give a play its desired renown. It is the opinion of the metropolitan multitude, formed in crowds, that, like the circles in ponds, created by the sudden touch of the swallow's talon or the stone thrown by idle urchins, spread until they are blended with those of the entire population. I can conceive that *Put Yourself in His Place* would, if well and favourably known, become very popular in the Black Country, for it cuts the throat of the abominable Unions, and brings before the public a class of society with which Birmingham, Manchester, Coventry, and Sheffield are familiar, but of which I happily know little or nothing.

Axe and Crown continues to be very attractive. A good play, well acted, and a house as admirably managed as Mr. Clifton manages the Queen's, are elements of success any where and at any time. Mrs. Rousby, whose strength is scarcely parallel to her beauty, energy, and dramatic capabilities, has been obliged on several occasions lately to leave her mantle on the shoulders of Henrietta Hodson, and it will not injure Mrs. R.'s reputation to say that the Princess Elizabeth loses nothing of her attractiveness in the hands of the clever and piquante substitute. *Axe and Crown* will, I predict, run through the summer. Ryder must not dream of disporting with the waves which lave the Margate shores on the coming hot days. There will always be two millions of people in London, and many more millions in the provinces, who "loike a roon-oop joost to see 't play,"—and as long as a drama has a reputation they will fill a house, let the thermometer tell what tale it pleases.

Been to the opera? How can you ask? Do you suppose that I would suffer the beautiful Swede, Christine Nilsson, to play Desdemona a second time without the accompaniment of my applauding hand? Rossini is always welcome. He is the Shakespeare of Italian composers, moving to tears of sorrow and sentiments of compassion with as much ease as he raises mirthful emotion. His *Otello* is grand; and by Nilsson it is grandly interpreted. Not far from half a century has elapsed since I first heard *Otello* at *Les Italiens*. You laugh! You think it impossible to remember tones. You believe the revival in old hearts of the passions of youth is an impossibility! Speak for yourself. Some memories are vivid. I have at this moment before my eyes Wilkie's *Poacher* as first exhibited; I see Alexander of Russia getting out of his carriage at Guildhall in 1814; I hear the echoes of Mrs. Siddons's Lady Macbeth in 1816. Whether I am the Wandering Jew, or

that the Pythagorean process has transfused into this poor *corpus* the souls of men who sat with Johnson and Davy Garrick, heard Lord Chatham and Burke, and borrowed money of Voltaire, I don't know—and wouldn't tell any body if I did; but I pledge my veracity, to any one who will lend me anything upon it, that I have a vivid recollection of Donzelli in Otello, and Pasta in Desdemona; and I find nothing to suggest unfavourable comparisons in the singing and acting of Nilsson and Mongini.

Mrs. Liston has revived *Little Em'ly* at the Olympic. When I spoke of the adaptation of Dickens's works, in a recent number of the *Man About Town*, I made an exception in favour of Micawber, and one or two other impersonations of the great master's characters. Rowe is gone, and David Fisher scarcely compensates me for his absence; on the other hand, George Belmore is far preferable to Emery; and Mattie Reinhardt is thoroughly acceptable as Martha. Rachel Sanger is an agreeable *Em'ly*, and the scenery and appointments have lost nothing by temporary disuse. I believe that *David Copperfield* will become, if possible, more attractive than ever with the reading public; and something will be due to Mrs. Liston for exciting the curiosity of the monster. I rejoice to be the means of recording any success achieved by Mrs. Liston. *Entre nous*, she is as amiable a woman as she is clever as a manageress and actress.

Schneider has varied her *répertoire* at the Princess's Theatre by appearing in *La Perichole*, another of Offenbach's sprightly impossibilities. I mention the fact as a piece of dramatic history; but I will not slavishly follow the usage of the daily reporters, nor anticipate amusement by describing the plot of the comic opera. There are some pretty *morceaux* of music scattered throughout which I really admire, and there is a drunken scene which I do not. There is no fun in a fellow rolling about the stage in an inebriate condition; it is still less pleasant to see a woman *intoxicated*. It was all very well for persons trained to severity by Lycurgus to exhibit drunken slaves by way of disgusting their boys; but I do not see any necessity for degrading the fair sex in the eyes of British girls, in order to check a non-existent tendency to dip their pretty beaks too deeply into champagne cup. Schneider, sober, is saucy enough; no need to authorise an exaggeration of her impertinence by the process which robs people of their brains.

Have you seen Woodin this season? No. Nor I; but I intend to see him next week; and the gentle and ungentle readers shall know all about him. He is a marvellously clever and industrious entertainer in a line I rather affect.

I see that the *Times* announces the death of James Vining, the father of George. He was a gentlemanly comedian in his time. He affected tragedy, but wanted power for leading characters. He used to play *Hamlet* and *Jaques* at Bath, but when he came to London he dropped into a quieter line. Vestris found him useful, and Charles Kean did not disdain his aid.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE.

The dramatic performance at St. George's-hall, in aid of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union, by Sir Charles Young and other distinguished amateurs, ladies as well as gentlemen, which was recently postponed in consequence of serious illness in the families of two of the company, will now positively take place on Wednesday, the 13th of July. Mrs. Hermann Vezin has kindly undertaken to play her celebrated part of Lady Montreville, in Lord Lytton's drama of the *Rightful Heir*.

OCEAN YACHT RACE.

The American yacht Dauntless (Mr. James Gordon Bennett, jun.) and the English yacht Cambria (Mr. James Ashbury) will start from the Old Head of Kinsale on Monday, July 4, on a race to the light-ship off Sandy Hook, New York. In passing vessels at night, the Dauntless will burn blue signal lights at bow and stern, and will throw up three blue rockets in quick succession. The Cambria will burn red signal lights, and will throw up three red rockets. Vessels that may fall in with the yachts are requested to announce the fact on their arrival in port.

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

EPSOM, the first, and, to the racing practitioner, not the least pleasant stage of the Hampshire circuit, had a successful but unexciting innings on Tuesday. The Handicap being conspicuous for the absence of Kennington, and the Dogmersfield Park Stakes being converted into a small contest of the same description, the two leading incidents of the day were deprived of most of their interest; and two of the remaining half-dozen being "all over" before the start, the day's proceedings may be fairly held to call for no detailed commentary.

Stockbridge, though conspicuous for the aristocratic repose which distinguishes that limited meeting, provided metal more attractive, though even there the sport was by no means remarkable, and would, but for the two-year-old races, have been voted as tame as Tiglath-Pileser.

The Bibury Stakes, which found a strong favourite in Violet, saw the Chester ghost Glenfalloch, and the Hunt Cup winner Judge, both among the runners; but neither of them was able to give the weight away to Neuchâtel, who, running with unusual kindness, won easily. Nine stripped for the Champagne, not a very brilliant lot, of which the best looking was Pitteri, Jester, and the Clotilde filly. With the addition of Lord Anglesey's Bide-a-Wee, these were the only competitors named in the betting; and to them, as is occasionally, much to the credit of the talent, the case, the race was confined, the quartette being in front throughout, it being only opposite the stand that Pitteri, vigorously ridden by Fordham, got the best of the struggle, and was able to be sent home first by a neck.

The Twelfth Biennial brought out King of the Forest, whose two-year-old doings promise to rival those of Thormanby; the high trials of Lord Anglesey's Cricklade and Captain Day's Count permitting those constant in their allegiance to his majesty to follow their fancy by laying 7 to 4. The Count ran very fast, but could not stay home, the finish being confined to the favourite and Cricklade, the latter sticking so determinedly to the King that it was no certainty, even a dozen yards from home, that the odds would be landed. This feat was, however, accomplished at last; but the performance, taking into consideration the backward condition of Cricklade, was not very reassuring to the followers of Russley for next year, and, as Lord Anglesey is reputed to have a better than Cricklade in Balvenie, I, for one, would rather be against than for his majesty.

The events of Thursday may be considered to have been the Stockbridge Cup and the Hurstbourne Stakes, though the latter failed to introduce us to any new faces, and the former far from fulfilled the promise it gave on publication of the entries. Bicycle represented Danebury after all for the Two-Year-Old Race, and as she had apparently a pretty good line of her most serious opponent, Digby Grand, through Russley, she was fairly enough made favourite, justifying the confidence of her friends by winning a splendidly-contested finish by a head: The Count and Chevisaunce being beaten off. The Cup, in the absence of any two-year-old of character, became a certainty at the start, for one of the four-year-olds, Mortemer and Border Knight, the former of whom won, without exertion, by a length.

As to the other events of the week, I am again in a position to draw attention to the double defeat of Indian Ocean at Newton; misfortunes which should put his chance quite out for the Goodwood Stakes, for which, I may just say, that I have a kindness for Toby and Dairymaid, the former of whom may very possibly, with the concurrence of his owner, emulate the feat of Blondin in years gone by.

We shall have Newmarket July with us next week: four pleasant days, which supplement Stockbridge very appropriately. Cumberland will have its northern gathering during the earlier half, but the fixtures will not clash, and each section may enjoy its diversions, without the disagreeable feeling that it is disturbing its neighbours.

The July Stakes, which forms the glory of Tuesday, will, in all probability, bring together the best lot of two-year-olds we have yet seen. Yet of those whom we know by something more than reputation, only Tullibardine has any strong claims on our respect; and if the good opinion of their friends be not exaggerated, Général and Lydon should be able to make a satisfactory stand against Mat Dawson's crack.

The Gladiateur Stakes has seventeen entries, including the Marquis of Steyne, who may, perhaps, prefer performing in the July, and Norfolk, who is, I think, a better horse than he has yet shown himself to be. But I fancy the race will go where it ought, to France, by the aid of Messager, who, if not so good as Général, will make his mark in the Turf before he leaves it.

In the Filly Stakes, the three best performers, Ortolan, Lady Atholstone, and Corisande, are all penalised; but I can see nothing, except, perhaps, Lœtitia, with much chance of overthrowing the trio, of which I prefer Ortolan.

As to the pair of matches which conclude the day, I fancy Parva should beat Historian at a difference of 3st 5lb; and that Pericles should prove too much for Chanoinesse at 17lb.

Wednesday commences with the Beaufort Stakes, in which Rupert, 8st 7lb, and Hobart, 6st 5lb, seem to me best in; and, from his creditable running in the Hunt Cup, I am inclined to give precedence to the heavy weight.

The Midsummer Stakes can hardly escape Atlantis; nor will Normanby have much to do to keep the 100 sovs. Sweepstakes in the blue and black family.

Of the twenty-two subscribers to the Exeter Stakes, Pitteri, Lady Atholstone, Jester, and Corisande will, probably, be the best to do battle with Balvenie, who, however, if still in the receipt of the 3lb to which he is now entitled as a maiden, will be far too much for any known antagonist.

The Summer Stakes and the Chesterfield are the only complete races for Thursday. In the former, Sphynx, 7st 7lb, has a great pull in the weights, and should, at all events, run well. Until we have seen how they comport themselves in the July, it would be absurd to risk an opinion as to the figure to be cut in the shorter race by the heroes and heroines who are engaged in both. To that contingent, however, must be added a formidable supplement, consisting of King of the Forest, Julien or Messager, and Corisande; and as the winner of the July will have to put up 7lb. extra, he will find it no easy task to get rid of the King, who seems, at this time of day, better worth trusting than anything in the race.

FORECAST.

TURF REFORMS.

The Report of the Committee appointed at a general meeting of the Jockey Club, on the 20th of April, 1870, has just been issued. It is in the following terms:—

The Committee appointed "to inquire into the present state of the Turf" have considered the matters to them referred, and have agreed to the following report:

1. In the first instance your Committee gave their fullest consideration to the power possessed by the Jockey Club to secure complete recognition of their rules; and they are satisfied that the authorities of all race meetings, at all deserving of public support, will readily accept, and loyally abide by, such rules as the Jockey Club may think fit to enact. Should the managers of any minor race meeting be unwise enough to disregard your rules, the consequent certain extinction of such meeting would, in the opinion of your Committee, be a gain rather than a loss to the Turf.

2. Your Committee attach very great importance to a complete cessation of racing for a period of at least four consecutive months in the year. This they propose to secure by prohibiting all racing before the week which includes the 25th of March, and after the week which includes the 15th of November. Thus racing might take place throughout each of those weeks, which could not be the case if some one day were arbitrarily fixed upon.

3. Your Committee have observed with regret that selling stakes no longer effect the object for which they were established, and that horses are frequently entered to be sold for sums far below their real value. This abuse your Committee propose to remedy by empowering the owner of any horse entered in a selling stake to claim before the race, but under proper safeguards, any other horse in the race for the sum for which he is entered to be sold.

4. The question whether horses should be permitted to run at all at two years old, and if so at what date, and under what restrictions, appeared to your Committee the most important of all those which came under their review. In their opinion the prohibition of two-year-old racing would inflict upon the Turf a fatal injury. The length of time which must elapse before either pleasure or profit could be derived from a horse which could not run before he was three years old, and then not till March 25th, would deter many from training, and still more from breeding, thorough-bred stock. Our best stallions would go abroad, as the limited demand for their services would offer no inducement to owners to retain them in this country, compared with the prices to be obtained from

foreigners; our mares, such of them as did not also go abroad, would of necessity be put to inferior stallions; as fewer horses would be bred, the chance of breeding really good stock would be diminished, and a serious deterioration of our breed of horses would be the result. Your Committee had, therefore, no difficulty in arriving at a decision that two-year-old racing ought to be permitted. They had then to consider the date at which it should commence. On this point they derived great assistance from the replies to the following questions which, at their first meeting, they resolved to address by circular to all the most experienced trainers:

Question 1.—How many years' experience have you had as a trainer?

Question 2.—At what time would you take up yearlings if they are not to run before three years old? When would you put them into training?

Question 3.—At what time of the year could you run two-years-old without, in your opinion, injuring their growth and future prospects?

Question 4.—With respect to Two-year-old races, do you consider that an early foal has a great advantage over a May foal?

Question 5.—With respect to three-years-old races, do you consider that an early foal has a great advantage over a May foal?

Question 6.—Do you consider that a colt that has run frequently at two and three years old is as likely to improve in proportion to his age as a horse that has not run often when young?

From the great majority of the replies to these questions, it would appear that were the date at which two-years-old might first run fixed at a later period than at present, it would make little difference in the work they would have to undergo, and that, except in the case of large horses, running them in moderation after May 1st is not likely to prove in any way prejudicial to them. Your Committee, therefore, do not consider that any case is made out to warrant the alteration of the rule made last year, which permits two-years-old to run on the 1st of May.

5. Your Committee, however, think it desirable to discourage the frequent running of horses when two years old; with this intent, and on account of the difficulty of ascertaining the true form of two-years-old at an earlier period, they would recommend that no two-years-old should run in any handicap before October 1st, and then only with other two-years-old; they also recommend that no two-years-old should run at weight-for-age with older horses before the same date, and that no two-years-old should run for any stake or plate a longer distance than six furlongs.

6. They also recommend, in order to discourage early and long-continued betting on handicaps, that the weights and nominations should be published simultaneously, and that the acceptances and declarations of forfeit should not be published before the Thursday immediately preceding the week in which the race is to be run.

7. Your Committee further recommend the appointment of a committee to prepare a scale for weight-for-age.

8. The conclusions at which your Committee have arrived are expressed in the following resolutions:

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Neither the programme nor the result of any flat race meeting in Great Britain shall be published in the Official Racing Calendar, unless the said meeting is advertised to be subject to the established rules of racing as settled by the Jockey Club.

2. Any horse running for a flat race on any course where the programme is not previously published in the Official Calendar shall be disqualified from entering or running at any meeting where the established rules of racing are in force.

Any jockey riding at a meeting not advertised as required above shall be disqualified from riding at an authorised meeting, unless the Stewards of the Jockey Club shall see cause to relax this rule in any special case.

3. No plate, or prize, shall be advertised of smaller value than 50 sov., clear of all deductions.

4. When the public money added to a sweepstakes is less than 50 sov., all forfeits and entrance money shall go to the winner, or some other horse engaged in the race.

5. No race meeting shall commence before the week which includes the 25th of March, or continue beyond the week which includes the 15th of November.

6. To substitute for Rule 59—

Any horse entered for a selling plate or stake is liable to be claimed before the race by the owner of any other horse in the race for the price for which he is entered to be sold. The claim must be made, in writing, to the Clerk of the Course one clear hour before the time fixed for the race. If more than one claimant, the Stewards, or some person authorised by them, to decide by lot. The successful claimant not allowed to run the horse for this race, and to be liable to the payment of any entrance or forfeit that has been paid, or may be payable, on this race. The horse must be paid for within half an hour after the claim is decided, to the Clerk of the Course; and, in the event of the claimant not paying for the horse within the appointed time, the owner to keep possession of his horse, but not allowed to run for the race. The claimant to be liable to a fine of half the claiming money to the owner, to be held a defaulter until the same is paid, and not allowed to run his own horse for the race. A claim once made cannot be withdrawn.

After the race, any horse running for a selling stake or plate is liable to be claimed by the owner of any other horse in the race for the price for which he is entered to be sold, and the amount of the stake—the owner of the second horse to be first entitled to claim, and the others in the order in which their horses are placed, and the winner to have the last claim.

7. Rule 21 to be altered as follows: Every person who wishes to engage his horses in any other name than his own, must assume some one other name, which must be registered annually at Messrs. Weatherby's Office: a fee of 1 sov. to the Bentinck Fund must be paid at each time of registration, and he must run in that name only. No person to change his assumed name once registered, under a penalty of 10 sov. to the same fund.

The person registering the assumed name shall be considered in all respects as the owner of the horse entered in it, and, in the event of the forfeit not being paid, his real name shall be published in the Forfeit List. No person shall register as an assumed name that of any person who runs his horses in his own name, or an assumed name previously adopted. Any horse running in any other name than that of his owner shall be disqualified, unless the name is registered as above.

This rule not to prevent a person who has subscribed to a stake from giving his nomination, provided the real or registered name of the owner appears in the entry.

8. That the 1st of May be adhered to, as the earliest date at which two-years-old may run.

9. No two-years-old to run in any handicap before the 1st of October, and then only with horses of the same age.

10. No two-years-old to run in any plate or stake with older horses before the 1st of October.

11. No two-years-old to run more than six furlongs for any plate or sweepstakes.

12. The nominations for handicaps not to be published before the weights.

The acceptances for any free handicap, and declarations of forfeit for any other handicap, in no case to be published earlier than the Thursday immediately preceding the week in which the race is to be run.

13. No three-years-old or upwards to run a shorter distance than five furlongs for any plate or sweepstakes, and Rule 40 of the Jockey Club to be repealed.

14. All entrances to plates and all forfeits under 5 sov. shall be paid at the time of entry, or the nominations shall not be received; the person appointed to receive nominations is responsible for the due execution of this rule, and no forfeit of less amount than 5 sov. shall be published in the Forfeit List.

15. That the practice of allowing post entries be discontinued.

16. Upon the request of not less than twenty members given in writing to the Keeper of the Match-book, the Stewards shall call a general meeting of the Jockey Club in London within twenty-eight days of such requisition being presented.

17. That a committee, consisting of the Stewards and two members of the Jockey Club, be appointed to suggest a scale of weight-for-age, according to the distance and the time of year, and that the same be published in the Racing Calendar, for the guidance of stewards and clerks of country meetings.

GEORGE MANNERS, Chairman.

6, Old Burlington-street, June 27.

EAST ACTON SALE OF YEARLINGS, BROOD MARES, &c.

ON SATURDAY, JUNE 25TH, BY MESSRS. TATTERSALL.

	Gs.
Yearlings.	
ro f by Master Bagot—Mary Rose .....Mr. Green	30
b f by Savernake—Rapidan .....Mr. Randall	20
ch f by Suspicion (by Alarm)—Adeliz .....Mr. Simpson	55
ch c by Savernake—Edith Lovell .....Capt. Machell	200
b c by Lord Clifden—Creslow .....Mr. Drewitt	210
b f by Saunterer—Saxe-Weimar.....Mr. Walker	65
ch f by Rataplan—Odine.....Mr. Hadley	105
ch c by Fitz-Roland—Reginella .....Capt. Machell	200
ch f by Gladiateur—Infanta .....Mr. Padwick	380
b c by Master Bagot—Rose Leaf .....Capt. Machell	75
b f by Wild Dayrell—Swallow .....Mr. T. Brown	700
ch f by Master Bagot—Mary Ann.....Mr. Padwick	80
Stud Horse.	
Exchequer, by Stockwell—Stamp .....Lord Fitzwilliam	210
Brood Mares.	
Ellen Tree, by Birdcatcher .....Mr. Gosling	30
Rapidan, by Beadsman—Miami.....Mr. W. Day	55
Saxe-Weimar, by Weatherbit—Hesse Homburg..Mr. Long	40
Edith Lovell, by Joe Lovell—Maid of Tyne, with foal by Cambuscan .....Mr. B. Ellam	40
Mary Ann, by Bashful, her dam by Skylark or Peacemaker; with foal by Uncas, and covered by Exchequer.. .....Mr. Macan	60
Keepsake (dam of Memento), by Daniel O'Rourke out of a mare by Hampton; with foal by Cambuscan, and covered by St. Albans .....Mr. Alexander	100
Dutchman's Daughter, by the Flying Dutchman—Red Rose; with foal by Uncas, and covered by St. Albans .....Mr. B. Ellam	70
Rose Leaf, by Gunboat—Creeping Rose; with foal by Uncas, and covered by Exchequer .....Mr. W. Day	70
Saxon Beauty, by Newminster—Elfrida; with foal by Young Melbourne, and covered by Knowsley Mr. Green	260
Infanta, by Orlando—Ma Mie; with foal by Young Melbourne, and covered by Macaroni .....Mr. Watson	310
Adeliz, by Cotherstone—Nun Appleton; with foal by Adventurer, and covered by him again....Capt. Pryme	105
Lady Tatton, by Sir Tatton Sykes—Fair Rosamond; with foal by Cambuscan, and covered by Exchequer Mr. R. Long	125
Creslow, by King Tom—Lady; with foal by Cambuscan, and covered by Robin Hood .....Mr. Padwick	310
Victorine, by Orlando—Victrix; covered by Macaroni Sir Robert Peel	100
Swallow, by Cotherstone—The Wryneck; with foal by St. Albans, covered by Y. Melbourne. Mr. Blenkiron	1000
Odine, by Fitz-Gladiator—Pauline; with foal by Uncas, and covered by Exchequer.....Mr. B. Ellam	55
Reginella, by King Tom—Flax; with foal by Macaroni, and covered by Wild Dayrell .....Mr. Blenkiron	820
Miss Marion, by Marionette—Laverna; with foal by Uncas, and covered by St. Albans.....Mr. Simpson	80
Arabella, by Fandango—Algebra; with foal by Cambuscan, and covered by Knowsley .....Mr. Hilton	60
Yearlings, the property of a gentleman.	
ch c by Claret—Arrah-na-Pogue...Mr. Allan M'Donogh	80
ch c by Lord Clifden—Remembrance.....Mr. Knight	40
Yearlings, the property of Mr. Haigh.	
b c by Dundee—Foible .....Mr. H. Hill	140
b c by Knowsley—Elsie Venner .....Mr. Padwick	75
br c by St. Albans—Maggie Lauder .....Capt. Machell	150
b f by Dundee—Danae .....Mr. B. Ellam	70
ch f by Stockwell—Alcestis.....Mr. Alec Taylor	170
b f by Saunterer—Firefly .....Lord Falmouth	50
ch f by High Treason—Fluke.....Mr. Knight	50
b f by Trumpeter—Mother Carey .....Mr. Lake	30
The property of a gentleman.	
b f by Prime Minister—Gentian.....Mr. Long	30
b m (foaled 1855) by The Dupe—Ballerino's dam; with foal at foot by Tomahawk, and covered by Caractacus Mr. Bennett	40
Lady Overtown (foaled 1862), by Sugar Plum—The Sphynx; with a foal at foot by Tomahawk, and covered by Caractacus .....Mr. C. Snewing	125
Pimpernel, 4 years old, by Beadsman—Cavriana Mr. Long	54
Spes, b m (foaled 1864), by Stockwell—Pandora, served by Dundee.....Mr. Sharpe	35

RACING FIXTURES FOR JULY.

Sutton Park	5	West Drayton	14
Carlisle	5	Southampton	14
Newmarket	5	Airdrie	14
Worcester	7	Isle of Man	14
Pontefract	11	Knutsford	15
Reading	12	Huntingdon	19
Nottingham	12	Kingsbury	21
Canterbury	12	Goodwood	26

In the Arena.

ON Saturday last the London Athletic Club held their last meeting of the season, when an 120 Yards Quarter Mile, and Four Running and Walking Handicaps, together with a Novices 220 Yards Race, were on the programme. The former event was won by Mr. Buchannan, of the Thames Rowing Club, who had ten yards start, a most liberal allowance, considering the form he showed at his rowing club sports. The Four Mile Running Race was expected to be done in excellent style by Mr. Scott, after his "quickest time" at Nottingham; but, as usual, the wonderful time done in the country could not be corroborated at home; however, there is no denying that Mr. Scott is a very good man. Mr. Rye, in the Walking Race, attempted to concede Mr. Bently, of the Civil Service, 90 seconds; this was completely putting Mr. Rye out of the race, as at the Champion Meeting Mr. Bently did the seven miles in better time than Mr. Rye ever did; and again, on Saturday, Mr. Bently defeated Mr. Rye by several seconds over the 90 allowed him in the start. The Quarter Mile was won by Mr. E. Downer, of the Amateur Athletic Club, rather easily at the finish. This gentlemen at length showed, in some slight degree, the excellent form he displayed in the Kensington school sports four years ago. The general handicapping was an improvement on what has been lately seen, which might be expected when Mr. W. M. Chinnery again helped to apportion the starts. Next season, it is to be hoped, that the services of Mr. Sydenham Dixon may be secured, in the event of Mr. Chinnery's total secedence, as that gentleman certainly made the finest handicap seen for many a-day, at the late meeting between the Inland Revenue and Post-office. The Manchester Athletic Festival again showed Mr. Clegg in great form, as, notwithstanding his defeat in the 100 Yards by the evergreen Mr. Duckworth, he managed to win three races. We hope that this gentleman will give the Londoners, next season, a taste of his quality. The great event of the week in cricketing circles has, of course, been the Inter-'Varsity match, which resulted in a close contest, as had been generally expected; but not under usual circumstances, for a more suicidal policy than that of Oxford, in allowing the match to be continued after seven o'clock on Tuesday evening, there could not be: they had six wickets to fall and nineteen runs to get. There was a mist rising, in addition to a very bad light; but felt so sure of getting the runs without trouble, that they continued playing on, and, consequently, lost a match by two runs, which, with a fair light, ought to have been won by five wickets. Mr. Cobden's finishing over will be for ever and a day talked of when a 'Varsity match is on the *tapis*. The batting of Messrs. Yardley, Dale, Fortescue, Scott, and Ottaway, was beyond all praise; indeed, the cricket shown by both Elevens was above the average seen, even in University matches; and, in the bowling department, Messrs. Butler, Francis, Ward, Bourne, Belcher, and Cobden, showed great steadiness—a rather rare thing now-a-days among gentlemen bowlers. Mr. Cobden will be for ever remembered for *his* over.

Henley Regatta now attracts all the attention of boating men, and has been a great success. Want of space precludes our noticing it this week; but next week we will do so.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements. THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 2 (last time this season), Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH. Dinorah, Madame Adelina Patti; Un Capraio, Mdlle. Scalchi; Una Capraia, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Corentino, Signor Marino; Un Mietitore, M. Morgan; Un Cacciatore, Signor Tagliafico; and Hoel, Signor Graziani. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

Next Week there will be Five Performances.

Extra Night.—On Monday Next, July 4 (first time these two years), Auber's Opera, LE DOMINO NOIR. Angela, Madame Pauline Lucca (her first appearance in that character); Bridiga, Mdlle. Madigan; Giuliano, Signor Cotogni; Lord Elfort, Signor Tagliafico; Gil Perez, Signor Ciampi; and Orazio, Signor Naudin.

On Tuesday Next, July 5, I PURITANI. Arturo, Signor Vizzani (his first appearance in that character); Riccardo, Signor Graziani; Giorgio, Signor Bagaglolo; and Elvira, Madame Adelina Patti (her first appearance in that character in England).

Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday, July 23.

On Thursday Next, July 7, HAMLET. Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi; Hamlet, Signor Cotogni; the King, Signor Bagaglolo; the Queen, Mdlle. Titiens.

Extra Night.—On Friday Next, July 8, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; and Almaviva, Signor Mario.

On Saturday Next, July 9, LE DOMINO NOIR.

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place in the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, THIS DAY (Saturday), supported by all the principal artistes of the Royal Italian Opera.

The doors will be opened at 1.15; the concert to commence at two, and terminate about 4.30. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved seats, 5s.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—Prospective Arrangements.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 2, Meyerbeer's Opera, DINORAH. Corentino, Signor Gardoni; Hoel, Mr. Santley; Un Mietitore, Signor Paladini; Un Cacciatore, Signor Ragueer; Due Capraj, Mdlle. Vinta and Mdlle. Briani; Una Capraia, Madame Corsi; Un Capraio, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Dinorah, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska. Conductor, Signor Arditi.

Monday, July 4, Weber's ABU HASSAN. Hassan, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Omar, Signor Castelli; Il Califo, Signor Ragueer; Mesrur, Signor Trevero; Zemrud, Madame Corsi; Zobaida, Mdlle. Briani; and Fatima, Madame Monbelli. To be followed by Bellini's Opera, LA SONNAMBULA. Elvino, Signor Mongini; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Foli; Alessio, Signor Zoboli; Un Notaro, Signor Archini; Teresa, Madame Corsi; Lisa, Mdlle. Vinta; and Amina, Mdlle. Ilma de Murska.

Tuesday, July 5, will be produced (first time in England), Ambroise Thomas's Opera, in four acts, MIGNON. The libretto by MM. Michele Carré and G. Barbier; the Italian translation by Signor Guiseppe Zaffira. Guglielmo, Signor Bettini; Lotario, M. Faure; Laerte, Signor Gassier; Glarno, Signor Ragueer; Zingarella, Mdlle. Fioretti; Frederico, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Filina, Madame Volpini; and Mignon, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Thursday, July 7, Rossini's Opera, OTELLO. Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, M. Faure (his third appearance in that character); Elmiro, Signor Foli; Emilia, Mdlle. Cari; and Desdemona, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her third appearance in that character).

On Saturday, July 9, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle. Christine Nilsson will appear.

Acting Manager, Mr. Jarrett.

Doors open at eight o'clock; the opera will commence at half-past. The Box-office of the theatre is open daily from ten to five. Stalls, one guinea; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Every Evening, Charles Reade's famous drama, PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. Triumph of reality. The real forge, illuminating with its fire the deserted church of Cairnhope. Mr. H. Neville, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss M. Young, Miss R. Erskine. At 9.45, THE ROBUST INVALID. Mr. Vining, Messrs. Sinclair, Kyrle, Pearce, Worboys; Misses Florence Terry, Constance Georgi, P. Glover, and Mrs. Seymour.

GAIETY.—PERFECT VENTILATION.

GAIETY.—Open 6.30. Begin 7, Operetta. 7.30, OUR CLERKS, comic drama by Tom Taylor. 8.45, Offenbach's PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. Mr. J. L. Toole, Misses E. Farren, Loseby, Hughes, and Tremaine, Messrs. Soutar, Maclean, Perrini, and increased chorus. Carriages 11. Prices 6d. to 2 guineas. No fees. Box-office open 10 to 5.

GAIETY.—TO-DAY (Saturday), July 2, TWO GRAND PERFORMANCES.

GAIETY.—MORNING, at 2, Mdlle. GEORGI'S BENEFIT.

GAIETY.—Operetta, ROSE OF AUVERGNE, GRAND CONCERT, Scene from Mr. Wilkie Collins's drama, BLACK AND WHITE; Farce, SPITALFIELDS WEAVER; Scene from Opera, LUCREZIA BORGIA.

GAIETY.—Mr. SANTLEY, Mr. J. L. Toole, Signor Gardoni, Signora Volpini, Signor Verger (by permission of Mr. Wood), Miss Constance Loseby, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. Benedict, Mdlle. Georgi, Mdlle. C. Georgi; Gaiety Company, Band, and Chorus. THIS MORNING, two o'clock. Carriages 5.30.

GAIETY.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 2, BENEFIT of the Misses MARIA and NELLY HARRIS. Under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. New Programme.

GAIETY.—THIS EVENING, OPERETTA, Miss Loseby; Drama, BACHELOR OF ARTS, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Maria Harris, Miss Nelly Harris; SPITALFIELDS WEAVER, Mr. J. L. Toole (his last appearance in London till Dec. 10); LINDA OF CHAMOUNI (the popular Gaiety operatic extravaganza). Miss E. Farren and Miss Loseby in their original characters. Gaiety Company, Band, Ballet, and Chorus. No fees.

GAIETY.—Notice.—MONDAY NEXT, July 4, production of the celebrated Charles-Kean Drama, by Charles Reade, Esq., THE COURIER OF LYONS (by kind permission of Mrs. Charles Kean), in which Mr. HERMANN VEZIN will sustain the characters of Dubosc and Lesurques, supported by Mr. Atkins and the Gaiety Company.

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ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, at 7.30, PAUL PRY (11th time). Mrs. John Wood, Misses Larkin and Maggie Brennan; Messrs. Lionel Brough, A. Young, Shore, and William Farren. At 9.45, LA BELLE SAUVAGE (18th time). Mrs. John Wood, Misses Turner and Everard; Messrs. Barton Hill, Young, and Lionel Brough. Carriages 11.15.

LYCEUM.—Last Night.—Extraordinary Attraction.—Three Operas Bouffe.—TO-NIGHT at 7.30, Offenbach's BREAKING THE SPELL. At 8, the first act of Hervé's celebrated CHILPERIC, with new dialogue, and finishing with the sensational and picturesque Umbrella Dance and Chorus. To conclude with the popular three-act Opera, LITTLE FAUST. Increased chorus and ballet. All the original characters, costumes, scenery, and effects.

MEPHISTO!—LITTLE FAUST!—Mdlle. MARGUERITE DEBREUX has the honour to announce her FIRST BENEFIT at the LYCEUM THEATRE, TO-NIGHT (Saturday). Last Night of the season.

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OLYMPIC THEATRE.—UNDINE, THIS EVENING Saturday) July 2, at half-past nine. Startling effects, gorgeous dresses, beautiful music; new songs by R. Reece, F. W. Taylor, Winterbottom, and G. W. Martin.

UNDINE.—The much admired story of Fouqué has been adapted to the stage by R. Reece, and will be produced THIS EVENING (Saturday), July 2, with grand spectacular effects by Messrs. J. Johnson, Geo. Gordon, F. Perkins, &c., under the immediate superintendence of Mrs. W. H. Liston.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT, A FISH OUT OF WATER; the elegant comedy. A SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES, and the great burlesque, THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD. In active preparation, and will shortly be produced, the celebrated comedy, "The School for Scandal." Notice.—This Theatre has been entirely re-decorated and ventilated. Box-office open daily. Prices from 6d. to £2 2s.

MISS ADA SWANBOROUGH will appear EVERY EVENING in the celebrated comedy, A SCHOOL FOR COQUETTES.—ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

MISS ELISE HOLT, having returned from her immensely successful tour in America, will appear as the EARL DARNLEY in the great burlesque, THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.—ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

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